

Femmes d'Esprit



Celebrating Centennial

CNR Honors Magazine - Issue 5 - Spring 2004

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Kathryn is a sophomore Communication Arts and English Major who enjoys editing Femmes immensely.

It is 1:00 a.m. I should be tired, and believe me, I am...but, a second wind has just blown into my being. I am filled with excitement, as I have received several *Femmes* pieces today and the content is amazing. I have also just returned from *The Laramie Project* cast party and am running on energy from a chocolate milkshake and two fried eggs with toast.

We face challenges everyday. As students and faculty involved with the Honors Program, it is our mission (and probably our own stubbornness) to challenge ourselves. I find that each Honors member (student and faculty alike) is always striving to reach a little bit higher. This past weekend, the Student Theatre Ensemble hosted a production of Moises Kaufman and the Tectonic Theatre Group's *The Laramie Project*. Several Honors students were members of the cast and crew...look for pictures in the issue. Next weekend, Mary Zimmerman's *Metamorphoses* will be produced by CNR Drama, also showcasing the talents and work of Honors Students.

Publications are coming out—*Talter* and *Phoenix*—we find our ambitious women at

the helm of production of these pieces of literature. We, as an Honors Program, have representatives in many clubs and organizations on campus including the Science and Math Society, Environmental Club, Producing the Pictures, *Annales*; the list goes on. We are very involved academically and extracurricularly. We are leaders and glad to be there in the action.

As all of you know, this issue is entitled *Celebrating Centennial*. These pages of *Femmes d'Esprit* recognize the active voice of CNR students—we are everywhere, involved in everything, and making a difference with each step we take. The Centennial celebrates the 100th year of the College. In turn, *Femmes* is celebrating the achievement of the women who make the Centennial worth celebrating. A centennial is an active celebration of something. For CNR, it is of the accomplishments of the school and the SAS Honors Program is celebrating this accomplishments.

You are about to read an issue of *Femmes* that describes what a celebration is—of a centennial, of an achievement, of life. You'll hear about past members of the Honors Program, those who have gone

before us...and as always, there is much more!

100 years ago, the Ursulines, and specifically Mother Irene Gill, founded the College because they were forward thinkers. The women who currently are enrolled at CNR follow the legacy of those before them—we are continually pushing the envelope and reaching higher. We are not only prepared for surprises, as St. Angela advises, but we are ready to spring them upon others.

It's 1:29 a.m. and the milkshake, eggs, and toast are beginning to wear off. However, the feeling of elation from what I was able to do tonight with the Student Theatre Ensemble will remain. It is a feeling that many of us are familiar with—a sense of accomplishment and joy. It's similar to the feeling I get every time an issue of *Femmes* is being distributed—I take a deep breath (reflecting on all the hard work everyone contributed to the magazine) and smile. Enjoy the issue and remember, you are a celebration of yourself. Happy Centennial!

Sincerely,

Kathryn M. Tyranski

DIRECTOR'S LETTER

Dr. Amy Bass

It is always interesting when you take a moment and observe your parents not as parents, but as people. I think that it happens increasingly as we move through our years, and the role of our parents shift from caregivers and disciplinarians to friends.

This past week, my mother lost her close friend of 48 years, and in my conversations with her about Nancy, I have further realized my mother as a person, a woman, a friend. This is not to say that my mother and I have never experienced our relationship on these levels. Indeed, it was my mother (who rarely tells a fib, never mind a lie) that took me to my first Ramones concert, assuring the bouncer of the club in Albany that I was, *of course*, of age (I wasn't). Together, we hiked into a vertical ravine on Kauai to see the waterfall from the opening shot of *Fantasy Island*, a trip that in retrospect seems absolute madness (we quite often agree that we could have died). Each summer on Cape Cod, while others slept, we quietly left the cottage to walk the beach at sunrise in hopes of expanding our birding "life list." Most recently, I took her to a U2 concert, fulfilling

her need to understand the music that has consumed me for the last 20 years or so.

But in listening to her tales about Nancy these past several days, I see my mother independently of myself.

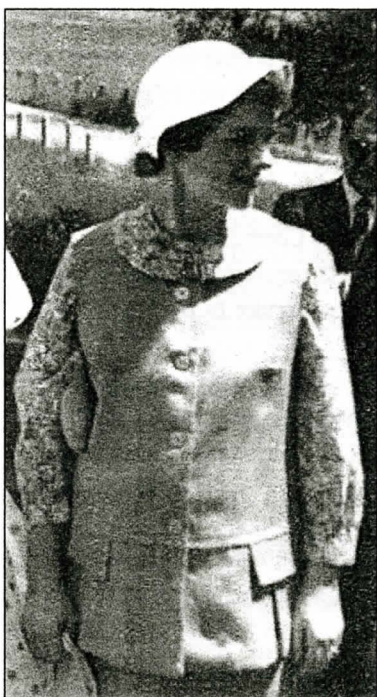
Nancy Quirk Keefe was an alum of the College of New Rochelle who died on March 10, 2004, of breast cancer. Like my mother, she was an award-winning journalist—they worked together at the *Berkshire Eagle* in the 1950s—a marvelously independent thinker, and a lot of, well, fun.

Nancy's legacy at the College of New Rochelle is immeasurable. A devout Catholic, she served as a Eucharistic minister and a lector here, maintaining a strong voice on subjects of religion, politics, humanity, and so on. Her influence, perhaps, is best represented by the criticism she drew from the late Cardinal John J. O'Connor for her stance on abortion, as well as her relationship with former New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who considered her an honest and wise critic, as well as a good friend.

I, too, had always admired Nancy, as I admire my

mother, for these feats, and others. The two of them were—and my mother still is—groundbreaking journalists, excelling in a terribly male-dominated profession and proving themselves as role models for many. But it is their personal relationship, perhaps, rather than their professional achievement, that has really given me pause for thought of late. The two of them read voraciously, played mean games of tennis and rounds of golf, traveled the world, and achieved virtual perfection in the kitchen. They both regularly finished (and rather competitively, if I may judge) the crossword puzzle in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*. And, they remained each others' cherished critics, hashing out ideas for their respective weekly newspaper columns and comparing notes on the world.

These are the aspects of their relationship that I was well acquainted with. However, as my mother grieves the loss of her friend, it is the stories from before my entrance into the world—a time that I rarely consider—that really enchant me. In their single days, before husbands and children came into their lives,



Nancy Quirk Keefe at my mother's wedding.

Photo: Courtesy of R. Bass

they golfed after work, squeezing in 18 holes at the Berkshire Hills golf course before dark. As summer days grew shorter, my mother remembers, they quite often drove the 18th hole in the dark, learning to play it by listening, rather than seeing. They traveled to Nova Scotia

together, drinking scotch at breakfast time in a hilarious attempt to fend off seasickness. They "bellied up to the bar" (my mother's exact words) at the Berkshire Restaurant in the 1950s, ignoring the looks of others upon their well-brought-up selves. They rode the train to New York City for New Year's parties, to enjoy tea at the Regency Hotel, and to barhop after the St. Patrick's Day parade. They were quintessential best friends.

When Nancy was diagnosed with breast cancer in 1989, she spoke about it and wrote about it—and her subsequent mastectomy and chemotherapy—with an honesty that I envied. She faced it, as everything, with a lot of knowledge and a lot of courage, and when it returned almost a decade after she first "beat" it, she resumed her stance against cancer and for life.

Nancy Quirk Keefe finished her bachelor's degree at the College of New Rochelle

some fifty years ago, smack in the middle of this Centennial that we now celebrate, and went on to complete her masters in journalism at Columbia. She serves as an exemplar of what women can—*need*—to accomplish in this world: professionally, personally, spiritually. She gives meaning to that which we celebrate one hundred years of.

When I took the position as Honors Director this past fall, I became connected to Nancy in a new way, one that we both enjoyed tremendously. And as I sat at a college luncheon last fall, listened to her keynote address, and watched her receive the Centennial Medal, I smiled to myself as I watched this woman who once surprised me by picking a sprig of parsley out of my parents' gigantic vegetable garden, popping it into my mouth, and telling me to chew. "It's good for you," she told my shocked five-year-old self. And she was right.

HONORING THE PAST

Dr. Ann Raia, Director Emeritus

It is now thirty years since the Honors Program opened its doors in January 1974 to ten intrepid undergraduate women, seventy years after the founding of the College, which is now celebrating its Centenary. While many changes have taken place since those early days of Honors Independent Study contracts, the Honors Program's commitment to the College's primary mission of educating young women in the liberalizing arts remains undiminished. But how do we measure our success? In terms of the latest educational jargon, we must "assess our outcomes." A significant "outcome" is what our alumnae have achieved as a result of being Honors students and what they say about the impact their Honors education has had on them.

As an alumna of the Honors Program myself, I am pleased and privileged to direct your attention to 28 years of Honors Alumnae. The Program must pride itself not only on their achievements, which are many, great and small, but on the quality of their lives, which reflect the particular values of Honors education at CNR—the pursuit of personal and professional excellence, regard for intelligence and mental effort, respect for human and spiritual life, and service to community. Honors alumnae also bear witness to the lasting bonds formed during the teaching-learning process—of friendship, shared goals, mentoring, appreciation, responsiveness to need, local and global, private and public.

Anticipating her 25th reunion, Kathleen Cravero '76, in an *AlumFemmes '01* article entitled "25 Years Later: Challenges and Choices," eloquently articulated the experiences of many

Honors alum:

I remember my first Honors project very clearly. It was an independent study—the task was to choose 7-10 books on modern feminism, analyze their content and comment on their significance. It was a heady project. Almost as good as my second Honors Project, which was to attend the United Nations Commission on Social Development and report on its conclusions. That was the start of over two decades of service to the United Nations.

While obviously different, these two assignments had three common elements:

- confidence was shown in my good judgment—to choose the right book, attend the right meeting, to make the most of unique opportunities
- value was placed on what I thought—about feminism, social development, and their larger implications; and
- expectations were made clear, *i.e.*, that the confidence placed in my abilities would lead to a quality product. I felt a responsibility to produce what was agreed upon, on time and to best of my ability.



Photo: www.cnr.edu

These three factors, over time and through various assignments, had a profound effect on my own self-confidence. Even after 20 years of international work, often in extremely difficult circumstances, I approach new challenges with relative optimism, assuming that, through hard work and determination, I (and/or my team) can rise to the occasion.

And so, when invited to reflect on how my experience with the Honors Program has affected my life and work, I felt at a loss for words. The Honors Program, which

first began shortly after I arrived at CNR, broadened my horizons and fundamentally shaped my worldview. It was one of those turning points, the significance of which reveals itself slowly but surely over the course of time.

I sit here with three issues of *AlumFemmes* beside me, overwhelmed by the wealth of experience and thought they contain. Together with Richelle Fiore and Kimberli Ringel-Kane, freshmen then who are getting ready to graduate this May, I labored over the first issue, producing it in time for distribution at the dinner following the College's academic convocation in November 2000, which celebrated the Honors Program's 25 years. The issue was mailed to alumnae who could not attend the event, as their Christ-

mas card from the Honors Program. The articles in that

first issue looked back on the glorious calendar year of 25th Anniversary celebrations with the College community in 1999: the NCHC-funded series of panels, festivities, lectures, and films celebrating the cultural diversity of its students; the Honors Conference Day enriched by the keynote address of Maria Marsilio '85 "On Doing Research"; the Winter Holiday Celebration, co-sponsored with the International Students Club, at which Marianne Barton '77 offered her moving insights on the theme of "Legacies." I recall thinking, in the course of the evening, that the undergraduates and alumnae in animated conversation with faculty and friends were engaging in the inter-generational communication described by the Ursuline motto, "Tradition and Change."

As I wrote in my cover letter to that first Anniversary issue, the intention was "not only to salute the 216 Honors graduates who have helped to build the Program and make it na-

tionally visible, but also to provide vehicles for these talented women with a shared experience to connect with each other and to enable Honors undergraduates to see in them inspiring potential life options." The issue was filled with "memories of strong community, mentorship, challenge, intellectual independence, and self-discovery through exploration of ideas," entirely in the voices of alum who had taken full advantage of the Program.

The response to the newsletter by the Honors alum and the College community and to the announcement that an Alumnae webpage had been added to the Honors home page was so overwhelming that, based on updates we received, Mary Job '01 and I produced a second issue of *AlumFemmes* in 2001, in time for Alum-

nae College and the 25th Reunion of the first class, the

Honors class of 1976. It more clearly expressed the goal of providing opportunities for Honors Program graduates to stay informed about and involved in their Program, get acquainted with each other across class divides, share their thoughts and reflections, network, and be supported by the creative ways in which peers were designing their lives and realizing the mission of the College.

The second issue contained reflections by reunione alumnae, articles by Honors faculty and administrators, and, at the end, a section we entitled "All About Alum," where information that we had collected about each alumna—and we had a surprising amount—was profiled. Let me quote from my cover letter:

The most revealing section in the newsletter, however, is "All About Alumnae." There you will find individual lived expressions of the philosophy and goals not only of the Honors Program but of the college itself. While the



Honors Program

School of Arts & Sciences

The College of New Rochelle

Photo: cnr.edu/home/honors

six Ursula Laurus Citations illustrate this more fully, the brief alum bios portray the efforts of Honors alumnae to achieve the personal integration that Marianne Barton [in her keynote speech "Legacies" at the December 1999 closing anniversary event] so rightly describes as desirable, difficult to attain, and impossible to balance for long periods of time. These women are pictured through their actions as striving to make coherent meaning for themselves of their experiences of life, work, family, religion, society, and education. They are accomplished women, living busy, creative, compassionate lives as individuals, family members, professionals, teachers, students, volunteers, community members, leaders. Their activity characterizes them as achievers and searchers, in fact, "women of reason," "women of wit, "women of spirit."

It is no wonder, then, that the College has awarded eight alumnae of the Program the Ursula Laurus citation. This award, created by the College in 1956, pays tribute to those alumnae "who have provided outstanding leadership, and have demonstrated by their capabilities, efforts and interest, their selfless and generous devotion to furthering the high ideals and rich traditions of Ursuline education." Honors Program alumnae thus distinguished are: Kathleen Cravero '76, Louise Guerriero '78, Ann Kennally '79, Maria White '79, Colleen Duffy '81, Therese FitzMaurice '83, Jane McKeon '89, Kelley Allen '98.

I have selected two Honors alumnae to represent the several hundreds of Honors alumnae of whose accomplishments and development the College is justly proud. Both of them—Kathleen's by chance—have been particularly visible this year for their contributions to the larger world, as well as to their *alma mater*. In very different ways, both are involved in education and administration, one in the socio-political arena, the other in the academic. Both are concerned for the larger community and for

contributing the understanding and resources required for humans everywhere in the world and at every socio-economic level to survive, enjoy basic human needs and rights, and live together in peace.

Dr. Kathleen Cravero, is currently Deputy Executive Director of UNAIDS, The Joint United Nations Programme on HIV/AIDS in Geneva, Switzerland. She is once again returning to the College to grace it with her talents, on the occasion of the School's Centennial Celebration, the Human Rights Symposium "Children Impacted Worldwide by HIV/AIDS". On Thursday, April 2, 2004, Kathleen will deliver the keynote address, "A Generation at Risk: Children and HIV/AIDS," which will be followed by a panel addressing associated religious and health concerns. On March 8, 2004, the article "A Focus on Women and Aids," appeared in *The Boston Globe*, written by her with Janet Fleishman to mark International Woman's Day.



Photo: Courtesy of A. Raia

Kathy was one of the Program's original ten students, graduating as a double major in French and Philosophy in 1976 with the very first Honors Diploma. In her junior year, she applied for a semester internship in the non-governmental secretariat of the United Nations, designing Honors contracts with Dr. Margaret Bedard, CNR Professor of Sociology, in which she made use of her expertise in French. Her

experiences in the UN's NGO office over four semesters confirmed her interest in social problems that transcended national boundaries. After graduation she went directly to graduate school, earning a PhD in Political Science from Fordham University, while remaining continuously involved with UNICEF. When it became clear that the challenge of dealing with world health issues for children and women was her vocation, she enrolled in a Master's degree program in Public Health at Columbia University and quickly earned her degree.

In the course of working at the United Nations, Kathleen has been assigned to several agencies, UNICEF, WHO, UNDP, serving in Burundi, Uganda, Chad, New York, and Geneva, and traveling to over 45 countries, passionately advocating with intelligence, courage, and compassion for basic human needs for those who could not represent themselves. She has published papers, written articles, arranged conferences, and made presentations to draw the attention of government leaders and fellow citizens to often overlooked problems and solutions.

Regardless of how busy she was dealing with global health issues and how heavy her responsibilities became, Kathy always made time to respond to requests from her College, writing articles, appearing at functions, advocating for the education of women and children as well as their health, networking, and speaking about her work and what it means to be a woman in the man's world of international politics. For her service and for her professional and personal reflection of the ideals of the College, she was awarded the *Ursula Laurus* citation in 1996, and in 2001 received the College's new award, *Woman of Achievement*, especially created to honor our former president, Sr. Dorothy Ann Kelly, OSU.

Dr. Kathleen Madigan, currently on leave for a Fulbright Year in Senegal, is the Chair and

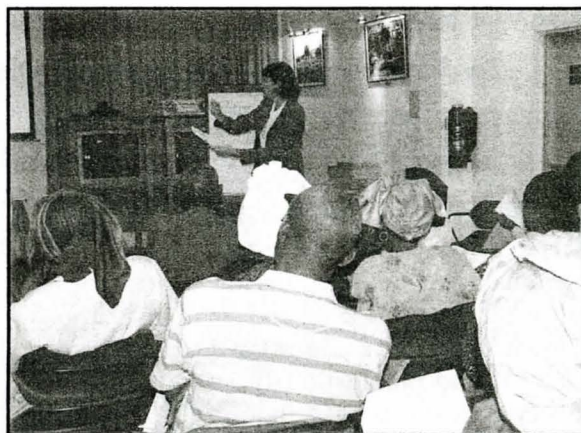


Photo: Courtesy of A. Raia

Professor of the Classical and Modern Languages Department at Rockhurst University. She graduated with the Honors Diploma as a double major in French and English, with a minor in Latin and a self-designed concentration in Comparative Literature. She earned her Ph.D. at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, in Comparative Literature, and later a Master's degree in Spanish Language and Civilization from Universidad de Salamanca, Spain.

Katie began her teaching career at King College in Bristol, Tennessee, moving after eleven years to Rockhurst University, a Jesuit college in Kansas City, Missouri, where she became full professor and department chair. She has taught English, French, German, and Spanish, and has studied and taught in France, Spain, and the United States, receiving awards for her excellence in teaching and for her research. She has published, given papers on language and pedagogy, and led study-tours in France to enable her students to refine their language skills in a native environment and to taste contemporary French life, character, and culture.

Katie is a Fulbright Scholar this year (September 2003-August, 2004) in Dakar, Senegal, where she is studying an African language (Wolof), traveling widely in the neighboring

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THE IMPORTANCE OF LIBERAL LEARNING

Sarah Worthington

Sarah is a freshman who wrote this research paper for her Honors Critical Essay Course in the Fall.

Aníás Nin once wrote, "When we blindly adopt a religion, a political system, a literary dogma, we become automatons. We cease to grow." This quote reflects liberal learning, in which students are encouraged to examine life, and challenge authoritative institutions that surround them. At large and small institutions alike, a liberal arts education promotes a democratic and pluralistic education that values this type of intellectual inquiry (1). The main difference between higher learning of the past and higher learning today is that some students are more interested in career training than a liberal education. A liberal education is extremely valuable and should continue to be in the future, despite the doubts of some intellectuals and much of the population.

It is important for people as a whole to understand that the type of institution a student attends has a huge effect on what is gained during the college experience. Universities are usually large, sometimes research-based, and other times have a liberal arts core required of all students. Community colleges have generally low tuition rates, and are attended by many commuter students. Vocational schools train students for a particular career and students are not required to take courses that do not pertain to their major. These schools have become more popular in recent years because of rapid advances in technology, and a need for workers with specialized skills. Especially in times of economic hardship, people believe that being able to get a job upon graduation is the most important aspect of a college education. There are many who disagree wholeheartedly with this statement, and seek a different education entirely.

These people favor small liberal arts colleges, and believe that this kind of learning is

the best available. But what exactly does the term "liberal learning" entail? Martha Nussbaum, a scholar and professor at institutions such as Harvard, Brown, and the University of Chicago for the past twenty years, feels that the notion of liberal learning originated centuries ago.

One of the oldest facets of liberal education that Nussbaum explores in her book, *Cultivating Humanity*, is that of the Socratic method of teaching, and how it carries through to the present. While outlining the main points of the method, she states that, "Socratic education is for every human being," and specifically:

"...they [Stoics] tend to think of this as a kind of higher education and to defend the view that higher education is an essential part of every human being's self-realization. Because of this focus on advanced or "higher" studies, we may draw on their insights to flesh out a picture of higher education in our own society, though we should not neglect the considerable differences between their era and our own." (2)

Higher education, self-understanding, and an understanding of the world at large are interrelated and are some of the highest goals any student can attempt to achieve.

Another definition of the liberal arts comes from the dissertation *The liberal arts ideal in Catholic colleges for women in the United States*, written by Sister Redempta Prose, who also shares the belief that the basis of liberal education originated in Antiquity. This age-old ideology and why it is important is brought to the forefront in her dissertation. She explains how the definition of liberal explicated by Plato and Aristotle, "...was used with reference to studies considered suitable for free men, studies that

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THE STORIES OF LIFE

Rebecca Mui

Rebecca is a freshman English and Education Major who recently went on a Midnight Run.

Have you ever lost something? Do you remember the feeling weighing you down, making once simple tasks, like getting up in the morning, suddenly require strength you just can't seem to find? I don't know any way to make giving up something I care about any easier. Do you know what it feels like to lose something? How about everything?

The Midnight Run, sponsored by Campus Ministry, brings food and clothing to homeless people in Manhattan. While there, I talked to one lady, Sheila, for what seemed like a lifetime, but was probably more like fifteen minutes, about the story of her life. We all have stories, but for some reason some of us were given entire chapters on tragedy, while others have barely a page. Sheila kept insisting, "I didn't used to be like this." She showed me pictures of her former home – an eight-room apartment in Manhattan. My favorite was the captured memory of her daughter's tenth birthday. It featured her daughter, now fifteen and living with her in a shelter, in a beautiful white dress, kneeling in front of an intricately decorated birthday cake in what Sheila informed me was their "foyer." I couldn't help but notice the expensive-looking china cabinet in the background. I couldn't find the words to speak.

Of her two older sons, who are both in prison, she kept repeating, "They're so angry. I used to go visit them every week, but since I lost everything, I haven't been able to get there. They're so angry." She then produced the most recent letter from her oldest son, which she let me read. It detailed his aggravation with her for not visiting, his frustration with being imprisoned, and his ambivalence for the beating he had received the previous day.

Sheila lived in that apartment for twenty-nine years before she fell ill for a mere four



months and lost it all. She explained how her hospitalization during that time prevented her from paying her bills, and how her apartment and all her possessions were moved from storage to repossession by the state shortly after she was released. She broke down, admitting, "I blame myself. If I hadn't gotten sick, I would still be able to provide for my family. My children are so angry with me, they blame me for losing their things." As I stared helplessly at the tears tracing the lines of her tired face, she said something that I fear will always remain in the back of my mind, "I know one thing, if it can happen to me, it can happen to anybody, because I had twenty-nine years of stability. My children always had stability. Now I've lost everything."

I don't remember exactly how many times I took off my gloves, intending to give them to Sheila. I constantly searched my pockets, wishing desperately to find the answer to all her problems among the gum wrappers and tissues. I tried hard not to concentrate on how warm and snug my thick winter coat felt against the cold February night. I thought back to the attitude I had before I went on the Midnight Run and tried not to feel sick. There was no way around it, I was wrong. I thought I knew what I was doing. I thought, "I'll just go to hand out some free stuff." I had looked skeptically at the scared faces around me, listened to their admitted anxiety and basked in my own misleading confidence. But as it turns out, I was wrong. Sheila is only one of the people I talked to that night. Her sad story is only one of the many I

Photo: Midnightrun.org

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THE LARAMIE PROJECT

On March 18 and 19, The Student Theatre Ensemble presented two performances of *The Laramie Project*. Several Honors students partook in this stirring play about the kidnapping and death of Matthew Shepard. All funds raised were donated to the Matthew Shepard Foundation. Students performed one to nine roles in the play, taking on multiple personalities, to send a message: tolerance begins with each one of us. Claire Fu, a Junior Communication Arts Major, directed the production and is president of STE.



Samantha Young '05
(Romaine Patterson, Moises Kaufman, Zackie Salmon, Newsperson 2)



Nisha Feliz '06
(Phil Labrie, Gil Engen, Philip DuBois, Alison Mears, Zubaida Ula)

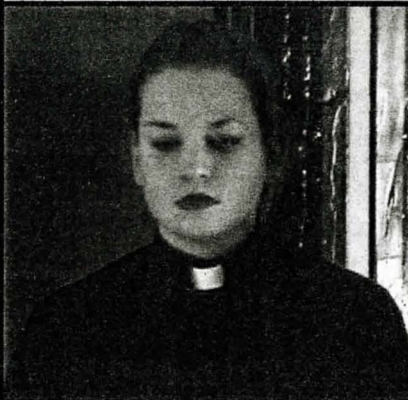


Sarah Worthington '07
(Jedediah Schultz, Kerry Drake, Baliff, Russell Henderson, Leigh Fondakowski, Zackie Salmon)

Photos: J. Jeremie



Amy Perry '05
(Artistic Designer, Conrad Miller, Jeffery Lockwood, Waitress, Murdock Cooper)



Kathryn Tyranski '06
(Barbara Pitts, Reggie Fluty, Rulon Stacy, Newsperson 1, Foreperson, Fr. Roger Schmit, Mormon Home Teacher, Cal Rurucha)



Jennifer Pinheiro '04
(Stephen Mead Johnson, Sherry Johnson, Kristin Price, Preist)

Photos: J. Jeremie



Christina Simpson '07
(Stephen Belber, Dr. Cantaway,
Judge, Rev. Fred Phelps, Rebecca
Hilliker, Jon Peacock,
Jonas Slonaker)

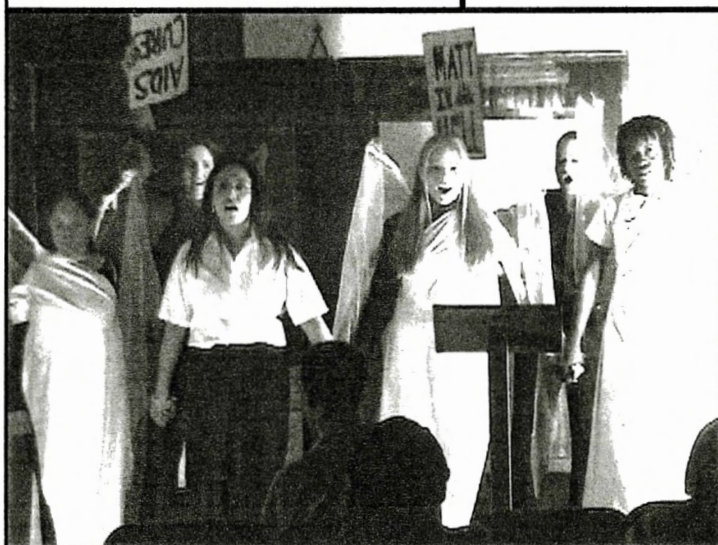


Alana Ruptak '05 and Amy Perry '05

Alana—Stage Manager
Amy—Artistic Designer



Claire Fu '05
(Director, Amanda Gronich, Aaron
Kriefels, Dennis Shepard, Matt
Mickelson, Tiffany Edwards, Jen,
Reporter, Newsperson I,
Catherine Connolly)



Scenes from *The Laramie Project*
by
Moises Kaufman and Members of the Tectonic Theatre Project.

Photos: J. Jeremie

Photos: J. Jeremie

THE SCENTS OF TRAVEL

Alana Ruptak

Alana is a junior Art Therapy Major who is planning to study abroad over the summer.

How strange that aroma can elicit memories, that our nostrils can be the vehicle that transport us to another time and another place. I know when I am home not by the familiar sights, but by the way the air even on the porch smells of cooking food and scented candles, the fragrance of flowers subdued by sizzling oils and, more often than not garlic. The aroma from my father's home is heavy and fills the nostrils completely. Though he has stopped smoking, the hint of nicotine still wavers in the air and in

certain corners of his home the smell could be described as coarse and somewhat gritty, a smell that comforts by offering visions of a little girl playing who is always happy and always smiling. With those I am enveloped in emotions of safety and stability. Traveling along highways my nostrils

are entertained by a circus of smells. Close to the water, the air seems wider and less dense, the little hairs that line my inner nose seem to stand erect from the salty crispness; the marsh smells seem to fill my head and weigh me down forcing me to remember walks to the local train station I would take with my father as a little girl. Distant roads, some dirt, take me within the Rocky Mountains, the aroma is so untainted that it seems to almost not exist, like the taste of water; it is fresh and seems to never grow stagnant or dull. Often when I cry, if it is a good and cathartic cry, I can smell my tears and the salty yet sweet smell brings me to mother's arm, I think our tears smell alike.

I long to smell the aromas of a distant land, to inhale the atmosphere and to know that no matter how far I go I will always be able to return through my olfactory sense.

I have been fortunate enough to travel abroad twice. I partook in a high school trip visiting "10 countries in 10 days" as well as my recent opportunity to visit a dear friend in middle of Paris a few short weeks ago. Stepping onto foreign soil does something extreme to your senses; it disrupts your comfort zone and propels you to exist in another realm. For me this realm was amazing, I was in awe of everything bestowed to my vision and my senses were fully alert savoring all that was offered whether it be the



Photo: <http://www.munich-service.net/paris.htm>

taste of a new food, the odor of a busy sidewalk or street market, or the feel of a various surfaces under my feet. With each new outer experience, I found myself retreating inward, reflecting on how it was shaping me as a person and expanding my understanding of the world around me as well as my understanding of myself existing in this world.

Back home, in my dorm surrounded by familiar smells, though not so comforting or enticing after my recent adventure abroad I am yearning to inhale the scent of warm crepes and baguettes the smell of cold rain falling on the Parisian streets and the aroma of my dear friend close to my side. In an attempt to appease this yearning of my nose that seems to have stretched to the tips of my fingers and my toes, I close my eyes and breathe in the air of my room. Through some form of magic or a creative trick of my mind the air is somewhat transformed into the air of Paris and through these faux scents and aromas I am taken back to where I wish I was.

LETTERS TO CORNEL WEST

The following are letters written by freshmen Omega Dale and Megan Skrip in Honors 108: Topics in Identity with Dr. Amy Bass. The letters are response to Dr. West's book *Race Matters* as well as his speech on February 19, 2004.

Dear Dr. Cornel West,

I have had the pleasure of being exposed to your writing through a college course concerning race and ethnicity. In your bestseller *Race Matters*, you reveal yourself to me as a thought-provoking critic, philosopher, progressive political intellectual and the "race-transcending prophet" (West, 70) that you describe. Put simply: you have a lot to say, you have extended yourself to create this intense piece of work, and I admit that at times throughout the reading I was quite confused between the weaving of essays. *Race Matters* spans a vast array of topics that all revolve around one central theme that is, whatever way you look at it, race does matter "in the plight and predicament of fellow citizens," (West, 156) in America today, and thus a new understanding is needed, and a challenge lies before us.

This work discusses many different issues in order to effectively show how important America's concept of "race" really is in what I feel is a plea to the public, a premonition, and a call to action. The plea is to open the public's eyes to the realities of what this "experiment in democracy" has produced. The premonition is our fate as a functioning nation if people do not "shift [their] center of thinking" about the verities and consequences of living in our current

white patriarchal society (Anderson and Collins, 15). Beyond grassroots movements within the black community, the



Dr. Cornel West
at the February
Convocation at
CNR.

Photo: A. Ruptak

call to action is implied, as you never speak specifically of what one can do beyond "committing ourselves" as informed citizens to "meet the challenges", and I am left hungry as a white woman for a direction in which to take action with this newfound knowledge.

I agree that most importantly, though, is the "nihilistic threat" you describe (West 19). At first glance this idea almost reeked of conservative behaviorism, but upon closer inspection and understanding I saw the link between nihilism (an effect) and racial inequality (a cause). Instead of focusing on the injustices that plague black America in particular I attempted to immerse myself in how these injustices, day in-day out, would make *anyone* feel; not reading facts and statistics and feeling sympathy—but empathy. There is a very real psychological effect and, "people, especially degraded and op-

pressed people, are hungry for identity, meaning, and self-worth", three things I take for granted living in a society where I carry an "invisible backpack" full of prejudices that favor whiteness (West, 19). This nihilistic threat and "shattering of black civil society" is also perpetuated by conforming, like most Americans, to our hedonistic consumerism culture driven by "corporate market institutions," which create a new set of morals to replace traditional morality (West 25). In your opinion, is this one of the many places where different grassroots movements can meet, Culture Jammers in conjunction with a new form of Black Nationalism?

What is the hope for this plague of hopelessness? You speak of a vague yet inspiring "politics of conversion," where a newfound self-love and love-of-others will combat the self loathing stipulations of nihilism, and create a "sense of agency among the downtrodden people," (West, 29). Here now, I see a call to action specifically for black America, to love themselves, as self-contempt will not breed change, and change at this point is dire (notably, this is my similar opinion with feminism). But far beyond speaking to black America and the downtrodden, I see a sound philosophical model and foundational framework for any and all grassroots movements. There is a vicious downward spiral between the plague

"I cannot believe it is too late because this is the only time I have."

leadership in America, a cycle that must be stopped. Grassroots movements need to be rightfully elevated to a national level, without subjugating their meaning or turning egomaniacal. Black politicians seem to fall into the trap of either conforming to the "practical mainstream" of current white America, or identifying themselves only with their race and therefore playing into the sum-zero game, but where are all these "race transcending prophetic leaders," (West 61) you describe? For one, I think that anyone expressing their views and trying to love and inform the people in their day-to-day lives should be given credit. This is how an idea creeps along, then begins to blossom and flourish: when someone sees something they don't like, and they learn and spread the feeling, or interacting with the people in one's life in a positive way in order to help them love themselves, or raising a child the best one can encouraging to grow up mentally strong, these are ways in which a person can transcend race and lead. I sense your stratagem to form "new models of leadership and forge the kind of persons to actualize these models" is more of a way to get the ball moving quickly on the leadership issue on a larger level, but more importantly are the solutions and visions of change that these leaders can make far-reaching (West, 69).

Dr. West, each chapter of *Race Matters* could be expanded upon and discussed at great length. Like the trunk of a tree, each an-

gle discussed, social, economic, political, philosophical, psychological, has its own branches that reach up to the sky. You seem to have examined and confronted the idea and effects of race in America from a multifaceted viewpoint, effectively touching upon all these factors that contribute to skewed perceptions and actual consequences of fractured race relations and xenophobia in America. As the reader, I believe you have adeptly and rightfully opened the proverbial "can of worms", eloquently confronting concerns that many have tiptoed around in the past, therefore creating the "public conversation" intended. I do not believe it is too late to overcome; I cannot believe it is too late because this is the only time I have.

Sincerely,

Omega Dale

*Omega is a freshman Art Therapy
Major who works with Phoenix.*



Dear Dr. West,

After reading *Race Matters* and hearing you speak at The College of New Rochelle's February 19th academic convocation, I would like to thank and compliment

you. Your deep insight into the human condition offers a refreshing awareness in today's society. However, I write also to inquire about views of yours that I feel were left unaddressed in your 1993 writings and recent speech, wondering if you could perhaps shed some light on them.

You raise many meaningful inquiries in *Race Matters* that all seem to revolve around a central premise: Examination of issues concerning race dictates probing the very core of America and the nation's current attitudes and framework. This exploration and rectification of problems requires critical and ethical confrontation of modern conditions and their causes, for moral and cultural—as well as political—components lie at the center of crises in today's lack communities.

"The fundamental crisis in black America," you assert, "is twofold: too much poverty and too little self love" (West, 93). Your discussion points out that these two conditions breed a permeating nihilism, perpetuated by several forces. "American cultural consumerism" (West, 55) displaces focus from moral growth to the pursuit of pleasure; cities become increasingly poorer as federal support declines; and low esteem for the African-American physique feeds "much of black self-hatred and self-contempt" (West, 122). The main problem, however, seems to stem from the stark absence of hope-building institutions



and bonds in black communities. The "gross deterioration of personal, familial, and communal relations among African-Americans," you say (West, 56), leaves citizens "rootless, dangling" (West, 9).

Undoubtedly, families and communities have suffered greatly from individualistic campaigns for success, and persons ever-hungry for the American dream rarely attain satisfaction through hedonistic consumerism—market forces and commercialism have a profound effect (not only on the nation's youth but also on adults as well) in dictating priorities and destroying hope and confidence. Advertisers notoriously contort Americans' desires, yet Americans' desire-fueled spending supports advertisers. What, in your mind, is a feasible solution to this destructive, perhaps exponential, cycle?

Poverty itself is also a real and glaring dilemma, resultant of a racially influenced wealth distribution system molded not only by white racism but by the market's economic history. Yet, you

claim, both the liberal structuralist and conservative behaviorist, in their continual debate over the matter of destitution, ignore the absolute demoralization and hopelessness that pervades poor black communities and does harm that no money can heal.

This discouragement, you assert, is furthered by an absence of courageous black leaders. Detached from "the streets" and invested more in themselves than the African-American cause, middle-class black scholars do not effectively contribute to the betterment of black American life. How do you feel these successful individuals can be made to care and that hope be again infused into the hearts of the hopeless?

Of all your dissections of pressing issues, your section of *Race Matters* entitled "What Is to Be Done?" (page 66) intrigues me the most. The major course of action stressed in your book as well as in your speech on the 19th entails frank analysis of problems' many facets and a critique of ourselves, America, and how the country operates. At CNR, you called this the "Socratic imperative." Also, you have stated, "a love ethic must be at the center of a politics of conversion" (West, 29). I agree wholeheartedly with this point of view but would also like to consider how such a method of politics could be implemented.

In *Race Matters*, you attest that prominent, upstanding black leadership is sorely lacking. Rectifying this, you say, "is a matter of grasping the structural and institutional processes that have

disfigured, deformed, and devastated black America such that the resources for nurturing collective and critical consciousness, moral commitment, and courageous engagement are vastly underdeveloped" (West, 69). I concur fully that understanding the issues is the imperative first step toward change and a "psychic conversion," but where do we go from there?

Exposure of the pressure a machismo image places on black youth is imperative; yet, your recommendations seem to stop at conversation. "A candid dialogue about black sexuality between and within these communities is requisite for healthy race relations in America" (West, 20). "We need national forums to reflect, discuss, and plan how best to respond" (West, 69). Where and when do you see these discussions taking place?

Like you, I believe that "the politics of conversion proceeds principally on the local level" (West, 30). In my mind, only conscious day-to-day action by individuals will usher in change. America's spirit dwells in her millions of people, although those people often suffer because of the powerful policies of the privileged few. Change is imperative at the national level, but most citizens feel rather helpless when it comes to influencing "the caretakers of American prosperity—that is, big business and big government" (West, 94). What do you see as the major force capable of overthrowing this oppressive

Continued on Page 25

HAIL, LADY NEW ROCHELLE!

Christina Simpson

Christina is a freshman Communication Arts and English Major who enjoys working on television programs.

Today I still tear at this piece of skin with my teeth. It will not be defeated. I will continue to unravel my fingers until I see that red, glowing with caution and a slight sting. I was slicing away at my fingernails prior to the bloody murder of my cuticles. Ripped white flesh and mini boomerangs flying every which way. Magazine articles tell me that this disgusting habit is performed out of anxiety or nervousness. I do not believe this is true... most of the time. I, personally, am on this strange journey to a different universe. Somewhere out there, different people with different names and similar clothes but with different colors. And, if I cannot seek out this parallel fantasy of mine then I will discover it at the root of my fingernails. That's right, I will reduce them to doorknobs until I find this.

Of course, as I think about it, I tend to believe the articles a little bit more

Our College commemorates another century of its existence. This is a far greater achievement than other lifetimes: wacky wall walkers, pet rocks, and even an average human. However, our mother hen may have developed some weaknesses. Look at her

hands, for instance. Carefully placed on her lap are little crescent massacres, seeping red flesh to match the white pearls of reputation. According to the magazines, CNR's diagnosis is the anxiety of a new dawn, a new dusk, a new year, and a new century.

Let my analysis begin.

2004 - what a strange number. I turned 18 two months before the birth of this year and in its last days of its lifetime, the number 19 will not mean as much, but this I do not know. Eighteen, however, is important in America. It is the year of independence and decision. Although I must decide on this country's leader, I believe there has been one question lurking over me since the age of 7: Will this be the one ever-lasting moment that my fingers will not look like the battered abused victims of my authority? Where can I buy that nail polish with the bitter

taste? Will this be the year I stop biting my nails? I wouldn't know. So, I shelved that question to focus on something so permanent and so important - so important to our mothers and fathers but, for some reason, not to my generation.

Our generation has been haunted with traditionally being shadows in the voting booths. Our generation is restless; all talk and no walk, a disappointment. We, as women, can change this. We can be involved and raise awareness of what matters to us. Then, of course, you must ask yourself what does matter to you. Are you worried about the raise in tuition (if you're not, then we must talk)? Are you worried about the increase in our military's size? Are you worried about the policy of gay marriages? When the answers to these questions are enforced, you may be delighted or disappointed. But, you spoke. And to speak without restriction is far greater than restricting yourself to what these men may serve to you, be it a different habit or nail polish that tastes like lemons and sand paper.

Oh, but what to do with our Mother, the pride of beaming

"Lady New Rochelle,
it is time to place the
power in the students'
hands."

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LIBERAL LEARNING CONTINUED...

Continued from Page 10

did not vulgarize and were not directed towards men, studies that were not directed towards the learning of some gainful trade or profession..." (3) This writer obviously has very strong feelings on the topic, and believes that no matter what, the values of a liberal education are more important than tuition costs or a need for a secure financial future.

When one really stops and examines how a person learns at a liberal arts college, they realize it is not about content alone. Some speculate that what is of the highest importance in college is the mission of the college and the pedagogy, or the way a professor actually teaches. With the Socratic Method, it is imperative that the professor teaches by making the students question the material and discuss, which is not necessarily true at all colleges campuses. That is where the college mission comes into play. Many liberal arts colleges strive to stay small, and do everything they can to help students grow as whole people, not just in academic areas. Despite all the individualized attention that liberal arts colleges give students, some intellectuals insist that they are impractical, and based on lofty, outdated ideals that have no purpose in society today.

A major qualm that some hold with liberal arts colleges is high tuition. However, contrary to popular belief, there are reasons for these seemingly exorbitant tuition prices. Liberal arts schools are typically much smaller than state universities and even community colleges. Meanwhile, universities have the opportunity to receive more state funding, which makes tuition cheaper. One main goal of a typical liberal arts school is to achieve a certain level of diversity in the student body. Of course this includes economic diversity, and so

usually colleges will give out scholarships and grants to students from low income families. This provides a great opportunity for students, and goes along with the notion that all people should have access to a good liberal education.

Many critics feel that a liberal curriculum does not adequately prepare students to participate in a world where rapidly advancing technology is inescapable. This could be a reason for the declining enrollments of the late sixties and seventies. High school graduates of the late sixties and seventies commented that job training skills were more valuable than the breadth of knowledge that could be learned at a liberal arts school (4). This is not necessarily because the students rejected the liberal arts philosophy, but because they needed financial security in tough economic times. Yet another problem that liberal arts graduates faced in the seventies was the problem of being employed in an area that they did not major in (5).

Aristotle envisioned the trends of the late twentieth century when he said that achievement in the liberal arts would decline in time when war and business are made the ends of living. It is at these points when the liberal arts ideal is in the most danger. As David Breneman, an expert on the precarious economic positions of private colleges, highlights from a study by the Carnegie Foundation, when the demand for liberal education goes down, many colleges cave to the demand for vocational schools. Over three hundred liberal arts colleges around the country have become smaller professional schools with a leftover liberal arts tradition.

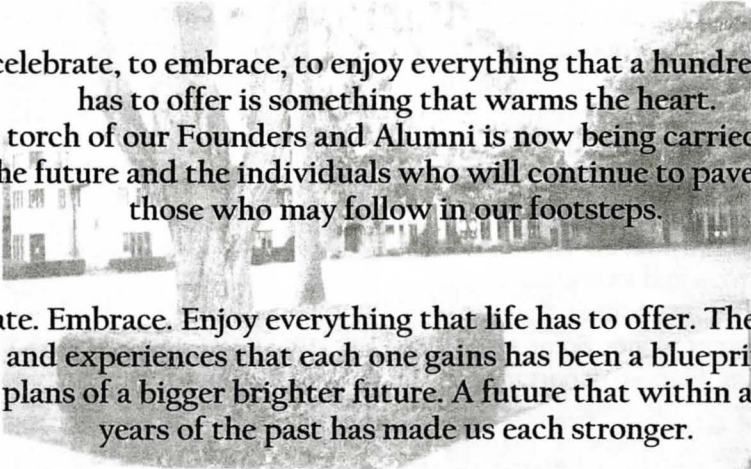
The worst part is that some people still know the value of a liberal arts education, but are succumbing to vocationalism because of financial pressures (6).

Continued on Page 24

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Marian Hester

Marian is a freshman English Major who enjoys writing poetry



To celebrate, to embrace, to enjoy everything that a hundred years
has to offer is something that warms the heart.
The torch of our Founders and Alumni is now being carried by us.
We are the future and the individuals who will continue to pave the way for
those who may follow in our footsteps.

Celebrate. Embrace. Enjoy everything that life has to offer. The education
and experiences that each one gains has been a blueprint,
in the plans of a bigger brighter future. A future that within a hundred
years of the past has made us each stronger.

UNWANTED SLEEP

Nada Ebrahim

Nada is a freshman who is studying Biology and she enjoys writing creatively.

staring...	bemused...
into depth within depth within depth..	eyes have yielded, ears have succumbed..
how deep have i gone?	what do i trust?
thoughts are wearing...	confused...
inviting...	sucked in...
images slowly drifting into each other..	like a famished black hole...
consciousness drowning in a pool of warmth. fighting...	luring me in with its silent charm, i cant let it win...

THE CORNEL WEST CONCERT:

COMMITTING TO A CATALOG OF NOTIONS

Dr. Nick Smart

My centennial moment so far came while listening to Cornel West, when I remembered, yeah, this is how I used to feel at Dylan concerts, back when I saw a lot of Dylan concerts, when I was younger. Dylan and West have subject matter in common, like the role of religion in the pursuit of social justice, and the murder of Emmett Till, and they both understand how to use the form of the sermon in their respective rhetorical arts, but I was reminded of Dylan because I found myself laughing during Cornel West's oratory, laughing with pleasure and approval at the full-throatedness, even the audacity of the man on the stage.

If one reason, perhaps the main reason, for a Centennial Celebration is to reaffirm the essential worth of that thing you are celebrating, then Cornel West helped me to commit again to a catalog of notions I

.....
“...Cornel West helped me to commit again to a catalog of notions I have received...”
.....

have received through the liberal arts and believe in with passion: That spiritual concern and intellectual rigor, like sincerity and wit, are not mutually exclusive; That the complex idea and the simple one go hand and hand through good arguments; That frank humor can convey serious and respectful messages; That a multiplicity of perspectives creates the closest thing to truth humankind is offered.

To convey all of these ideas and the values they form, Professor West draws upon a tradition of learning, the liberal arts, the canon of great thought, which was the subject of his last public address at CNR, during the celebration of President Sweeney beginning his first term of office. Professor West's talk

could have been footnoted with the departments in which the subjects he discusses are studied: Classics and Languages, where his deconstruction of *human* reminds us that the Latin root of the word we use to describe ourselves as life form is buried in the earth, a sign of our inevitable death; International Affairs/Sociology/Psychology for the profound observation that 9/11 taught, or could have taught, or should have taught, every American what it is like to be hated for being who they are; Religious Studies/Philosophy/History for the graceful linkage of ancient, medieval, modern and contemporary thought, for tracing the Socratic methods career through history, and wondering why now we resist finding a set of questions about life on earth that would make it once again more fair, more beautiful, more just.

Layering his learned subject with references to contemporary events, Professor West shows a diversity of awareness that ranges from wondering why 50 Cent thinks he's only worth that much to announcing solidarity with gay and lesbian Americans at a time in which

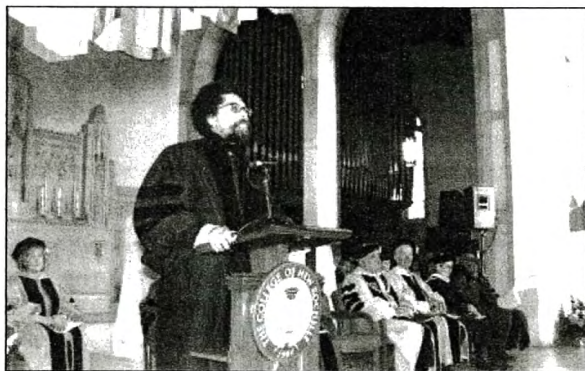


Photo: www.cnr.edu

Continued on Page 22

WEST CONCERT

Continued from Page 21

the nature of their love is under public scrutiny. Where my brain spends most of its time, the English 19th Century, the work Professor West performed for us in the chapel is called criticism. We have just come, in the Survey of English Literature II, to the great attempt in the second half of Queen Victoria's reign by scholars at Oxford and elsewhere to justify their claim that commenting upon culture and the arts, when pursued with vigor, sincerity, and creativity, is itself a form of artistic and high-cultural practice.

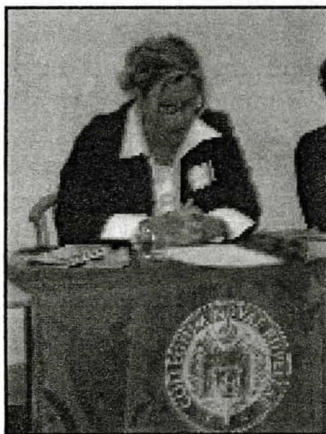
In class, we first had to overcome the automatic assumption that all criticism is negative. That's another meaning of the term, but we tend to run them together, the negative feeling of criticism and the difficult process of thinking critically. That's why Cornel West's appraisal of this American culture's successes and failures was particularly invigorating. It opened our windows to the fresh air of criticism.

HONORS & ADMISSIONS

On Sunday, March 28th, the Office of Admissions hosted an Open House for prospective students who had been accepted to The College of New Rochelle. Among the many events throughout the day, there was an Honors Panel and Activities Fair.



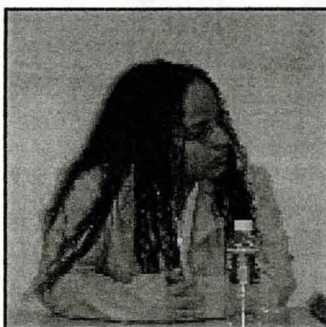
Above: Sarah Worthington '07, Ruth Santiago '06, Dr. Amy Bass, and Christina Simpson '07 sit on the Honors Panel.



Far Left: Dr. Amy Bass, Director of the Honors Program.



Left: Sarah Worthington, '07 speaking on her freshmen experience in the Program



Far Left: Ruth Santiago '06 speaking on Honors Leadership Experiences.



Left: Christina Simpson '07 speaking on seminars in the Program.

ACTIVITIES FAIR



Left: Jennifer Pinheiro '04 representing Amnesty International.



Left: Christina Simpson '07 and Alana Ruptak '05 representing *Tatler* and Producing the Pictures.



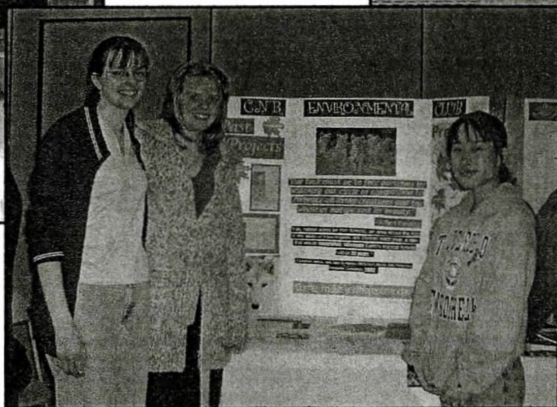
Right: Judith Jeremie representing the yearbook, *Annales*.



Above: Nisha Feliz '06 representing the Student Theatre Ensemble.



Above: Kathryn Tyranski '06 representing Producing the Pictures.



Left: Megan Skrip '07, Betsy Skrip '06, and Tung Nguyen '07 representing the Environmental Club

LIBERAL LEARNING CONTINUED...

Continued from Page 19

There are many attributes that David Breneman discusses in his book. They are usually small in size, with around 1,500 students, which allows closeness between the members of the student body and their faculty. This could be a reason why a higher proportion of liberal arts graduates go on to earn graduate and professional degrees than their counterparts who attend state universities. For instance, studies based on productivity ratios done by Oberlin College have shown that science majors are better off going to a small liberal arts school because they get to work closely on projects with professors, and gain career knowledge from that experience.

Many teachers who attended liberal arts schools as college students enjoy teaching at them more so than at large, better paying research colleges. Usually at these colleges, excellent teaching is what is needed to become a professor, rather than research being the professor's most important task. This shows how important it is in liberal arts ideology to cater to the individual needs of students (7).

There is a recurring theme in many readings centering upon how a student learns best, and

what is really important for a student to learn. A student learns best when there is a small student/faculty ratio, when the curriculum forces the student to question, and when the student is recognized as an individual, with his or her own self – actualization goals.

Does the content of the liberal arts core and a breadth of knowledge have anything to do with a student's overall education? Not according to Alexander Astin, who states that the argument over content is not nearly as important as how the subject is actually delivered to the student in the classroom. If this is really so, then why the need for a liberal arts core curriculum? Why not just a school for higher learning, where you take what you like, and it is taught to you in the way that Astin deems necessary? These themes could begin a completely new paper, so I will not delve further into them at this point.

Over the years, a liberal arts education has shown itself to be invaluable despite its many recessions into the disdain of the public eye. Despite all the bad attention that liberal arts has gotten with expensive tuition rates and an impractical reputation, a traditional liberal arts curriculum will still survive for many years to come.

(1) Ana Martinez Aleman, Katya Salkever, *Mission, Multiculturalism, and the Liberal Arts College: A Qualitative Investigation*. The Journal of Higher Education 74, no. 5 (2003): 2-3.

(2) Martha Nussbaum *Cultivating Humanity: A Classical Defense of Reform in Liberal Education*. (Harvard University Press: Cambridge, Massachusetts,) 1997, 30.

(3) Sister Redempta Prose, *The liberal arts ideal in Catholic colleges for women in the United States*. (Washington, The Catholic University of America Press,) 1943, 8.

(4) David Hiley, *Faculty Roles in Career Advising of Liberal Arts Students*, Liberal Learning and Careers Series, (Washington, D.C.: Association of American Colleges,) 1982, 1.

(5) David Hiley is an Associate Professor of Philosophy at Memphis State University.

(6) David Breneman, *Liberal Arts Colleges: Thriving, Surviving, or Endangered?* (Washington, D.C.: Brookings Institution,) 1994, 1.

(7) David Breneman, *Liberal Arts Colleges: Thriving, Surviving, or Endangered?* (Washington, D.C.: Brookings Institution,) 1994, 3.

MIDNIGHT RUN EXPERIENCES...

Continued from Page 11

learned that night. At each stop we were met with crowds of homeless people waiting for us, each with their own unbelievable tale. I couldn't sleep that night, thinking about all the things I had never thought about before and wondering why they had never occurred to me; I asked myself endless questions as I tossed and turned in my soft, warm bed. Some I could answer, some I couldn't, but all of them made me think.

Have you ever been hungry? Can you imagine helplessly feeling that gutwrenching gnaw at the pit of your stomach screaming to be satisfied, while knowing you have no way to stop it? How long can you really go without a bath, never mind the newest CD of your favorite band, a new shirt, or a warm bed to sleep in? When's the last time you had to wear the same pair of socks until they turned gray and worn through with holes? When's the last time you were grateful for that? Think about it.

Continued from Page 17

form of capitalism?

Have your views changed during the ten years that have elapsed since the publication of *Race Matters*? I am very much impressed by your thorough probing of issues; you excellently pinpoint problems and how the system should ideally work: "If there were social democratic redistributive measures that wiped out black poverty, and if racial and sexual discrimination could be abated through the good will and meritorious judgments of those in power, affirmative action would be unnecessary" (West, 96). However, I sense an absence of practical solutions grounded in daily life in your address. How are these visions to be brought to fruition? If you had advice for each individual citizen of the union to help make equality a reality, what would you tell us?

I admire and respect your message of love and self-scrutiny, but, as you say yourself, the current structure of the nation cannot be ignored. How, in daily life, can every American mold emotional and cerebral morality into physical action, into choices

for change and manifestations of a "psychic conversion?"

At CNR, this past Thursday, your closing remarks at the academic convocation brought the entire audience to its feet: "Everywhere you go, you ought to leave a little Heaven behind." I rose myself, completely assenting but genuinely wondering how (and if) we were all going to do that...then, I thought, what could the repercussions be if we all smiled a little more?

Thank you for your time and consideration of my thoughts; I genuinely seek your views and would appreciate any comments you may have. However, even if you do not have the chance to respond, thank you so much for your inspiration.

Peace Be With You.
Sincerely,
Megan Skrip

Megan is a freshman Biology Major who is also a member of the Environmental Club

HONORING THE PAST...CONTINUED

Continued from Page 9

territory, and working on a research project on contemporary Senegalese writers that will result in the publication of an edition of their short stories. Most importantly, she is a faculty member in the English department at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, where all students who are training to become teachers earn their degree. She teaches a comparative literature class and an English language practice class, each containing more than 40 students, as well as methodology modules for a Masters-level class of 30 students. She was pleased to discover from the women in her classes (see photo), that women in Senegal are increasingly encouraged to attend school. In each of her classes she collaborates with Senegalese colleagues, which she finds is rewarding, if time-consuming (she reports that department meetings are scheduled on Saturday every two weeks, and last for more than two hours). Her major challenge is trying to access adequate teaching materials, from books (which students don't have) and music to xeroxing (which she pays for herself), blackboards, and overhead projector (which is arranged to purchase for the school from the Fulbright book budget). On November 19 she made a presentation, "Celebrating Language Learning," at the American Center for International Education Week, about designing classroom activities that promote creativity, critical thinking, and collaboration; the program was co-sponsored by the American Embassy and the British Council. Recently she was invited by the American Embassy to speak in a Conference on American Identity (March 16-19). Since September, Kathleen has sent monthly e-mail letters in which she gives descriptions of her experiences in a developing country.

Katie lives in the bustling town of Dakar, in a University apartment that is near the sea, a

Catholic Church, and the American Club. Living at some distance from the school introduced her early in her stay to the city's unusual system of transportation. Her first few E-mails were full of praise for the elegant townswomen, their beautiful clothing and woven fabrics, and the welcoming Senegalese; they also noted the intense heat and humidity, scarcity of air conditioning and advanced technology, delicious food which is often expensive (as much of it is imported), and spare living conditions. She takes every opportunity to travel in this beautiful country and experience its rich cultural life, from films and the Africa Cup soccer matches to the International Book Fair, concerts, dances, museums, and colloquia.

Her November E-mail detailed what it's like to be a Christian living in a country which is 90% Muslim, during the holy month of Ramadan, when fasting from 5:30 am to 6:45 pm and abstinence from all pleasurable activity is almost universal. She finds the country is very tolerant about and respectful of different religions. She notes that at the end of Ramadan Muslims share their traditional fast-breaking food with Christians, who behave likewise toward their Muslim neighbors when Lent has ended.

Stepping back from these two impressive women who have not ceased to learn and teach with generosity and sensitivity, and reflecting on the many Honors alumnae who have touched others and improved their lives, it is clear that all Honors members have much to celebrate in this our thirtieth anniversary year. I leave you with two injunctions:

1. CNR Honors is a life-long habit – indulge it and be prepared for the enriching consequences to yourself and those around you,
2. Membership in Honors is a forever thing – take advantage of your community and network with your CNR colleagues.

LADY NEW ROCHELLE

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blue with chipped nails and too many traditions? I quote Oscar Wilde when saying: "Man is old when he begins to hide his age; woman, when she begins to tell hers." I say this only because we are reminded of the College's existence, its proud successions now changing the ways of the world for the better. But do we succeed; do we have to become leaders only after we graduate? Lady New Rochelle, it is time to place the power in the students' hands. The world is outside our windows, specifically this campus. Because we're studying trades that will be beneficial in the continuity of this great country, we have to possess and trust ourselves with the power to choose, the power to become beneficial. Students do not walk outside the doors of your residence halls without having your voice heard. In some small measure, you can contribute more than you're willing to. Why cause such harm to your freedom? Why damage what your mothers have created for you, pathways capable of options far beyond what they, them-

selves, possessed? We are taught to be teachers and to improve on our lessons—That is the College's gift to you.

What I am trying to say is that numbers, as with habits, die and they die-hard. So, if the College of New Rochelle must celebrate with speechmakers who recite speeches then we really are not celebrating much, are we? The College continues to bite its nails, as do I, and wait for the day when they can let go or when we will be silent. But what is there to be so afraid of...? What is the College unable to admit?

I have seen many days when the colors have truly changed - my nails grew at least three inches on such occasions - And then, I realize, those days of excitement were days when I acted and reacted, spoke, recited, and learned a lesson right outside my door.

